The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

VOL. XII. BOSTON, NOVEMBER, 1903. No. 6

THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

MONTHLY: 50 cents a year. Single copy, 5 cents.

Entered at the Boston, Mass., post-office as second-class mail matter, Nov. 14, 1892.

GEO. H. ELLIS CO., PRINTERS, 272 CONGRESS ST., BOSTON.

CONTENTS OF NO. 6.

DESIRE SPIRITUAL GIFTS 61
THANKFULNESS 61
THE STILL HOUR 63
THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB 63
THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL 66
BIOGRAPHY: THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY 67
NATURAL HISTORY: ANIMAL SURGERY 69
LETTERS OF A SISTER: BOSTON IN THE THIRTIES . 71
THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN 74
IMPORTANT NOTICES 76

DESIRE SPIRITUAL GIFTS.

I COR. XIV. 1.

(*A Thanksgiving Hymn.*)

Lord of the fields, once more,
As many times before,
We thank thee as the harvesters return.
Their hearts are glad and light,
Their countenances bright,
Their offerings upon thine altars burn.

Thanks for the loaded wain,
Thanks for the garnered grain,
The ripened fruit, a rich and generous store.
Thou Fountain of all good,
Providing all with food,
So much we have, what can we ask for more?

Let us not dumbly take
Thy gifts as those who make
Perpetual feast around a thankless board.
He who the table spread
Is sitting at its head.
Behold the Master, who the wine outpoured!

When he the bread shall break,
From God thy portion take,
And thankfully rejoice that thou art man,
Since only thou canst raise
To him the voice of praise,
Made in his image, since the world began.

More than the feast outspread,
More than the wine and bread,
Are spiritual gifts thou canst not weigh.
Thou dear and honored guest,
Oh, share with God thy best,
The heart and will to love and to obey.

—*Charlotte C. S. Eliot.*

THANKFULNESS.

November has come again, with its stimulating air, its purple-blue hills, its delicate tracery of bare boughs against the clear, cold sky, its far, unhindered outlook over field and meadow, now that the interrupting leaves have gone,—like the clear view of a wise old age, which, stripped of much, is yet compensated by a wider vision.

With November comes again the time-honored festival of our forefathers. Thanksgiving! Its very name makes us feel again the long-ago child's delight in the day and the feast, the glow of the heart-warming reunion of hosts of friends, vanished now.

The return of a special day for thanksgiving naturally brings up the question of thankfulness. There are some who feel the summons to give thanks a subtle mockery. Are they expected deliberately to join in a service of thanksgiving? For what? For blighted hopes, for empty homes and bleeding hearts, for sickness, loss, disappointment? So say their secret thoughts, as they muse bitterly on the hardships the year has brought. Deep down in these secret places of the soul, they have a quarrel with God, though they hardly dare recognize it He has not treated them as they deserve. Others not so meritorious as themselves have prospered more than they, and it is not fair. Thankful, indeed! It is an added grace that they do not grumble openly, or break out in flat rebellion in place of bearing such in-

justice with the grim outward patience they present to unkind fate.

To others, life has become chiefly a matter of quiet endurance. They have ceased to expect much from it. Joy, surprise, hope, delight, are no more for them, they feel,—fled forever with vanished youth. They will do their duty, and bear what comes, and live their lives out to the end, adopting as their motto, "Blessed are those who expect nothing, for they are never disappointed." "I have lost my curiosity," said one getting into years, meaning that new things had ceased to interest him. At most, the thanksgiving of these might be summed up in Mrs. Browning's line,—

"Because the way is *short*, I thank thee God!"

Weeds grow apace. Flowers must be carefully cultivated. A thankful spirit, like other virtues, must be cultivated, and should be, deliberately and determinedly, would we make our lives what God meant them to be. In every life there is always much to call for thankfulness, if we only look on that side. We can fix our thoughts persistently on the dark, hard trials that every life knows, sooner or later, dwelling on and magnifying them, until they cast a deep shadow over us, in whose thick darkness we walk, casting gloom over all around us. Or we can look the dark events squarely in the face, accept their full measure of sorrow, and recognize that, for some reason unknown to us now, this is the trouble we are to bear, our part of the universal burden. There is no monopoly in trouble.

Miss Bates, in Miss Austen's "Emma," is a fine example of the winning quality of simply a thankful spirit. A homely, gossipy, tiresome old woman, without fortune or attractions of any kind, yet so radiant with thankfulness, so astonished equally at the goodness of God and her neighbors, so grateful for the smallest kindness is she that the reader cannot help sharing the affectionate good will felt for her by her Highbury friends. There is many a Miss Bates in real life, whose grateful, cheerful spirit disarms criticism, and brings friends in abundance into a seemingly lonely and friendless life.

If the old-time fairies still danced about the baby's cradle,—as perchance they do: who knows?—showering their fortunate gifts upon the little one, the best wealth we could ask them to bestow would be this of the thankful spirit, certain that this boon would insure a happy life in spite of outward happenings. For the thankful spirit always sees a bright side somewhere, is never wholly cast down, or, if "cast down," is not "destroyed." Always it makes the most and the best of the things that remain.

Our Puritan forefathers, who instituted this custom of a special day of thanksgiving for the bounties and mercies of the year past, had in marked degree this habit of daily thankfulness, of connecting every blessing with God's loving-kindness. Out of this spirit grew this festival. We read, this autumn of 1621, "They began to gather in the small harvest they had." The peas turned out "not worth the gathering," the barley was "indifferent good," and there was "a good increase of Indian corn." "They had about a peck of meal a week to a person, or now, since harvest, Indian corn in that proportion." And that was all. Meagre mercies these, to justify thankfulness, would even the poorest to-day deem such fare.

But Gov. Bradford, "that so they might after a special manner rejoice together after they had gathered the fruit of their labors," sent out fowlers to increase, if possible, the slender store. Luckily, or providentially, as the Puritans felt, "there was great store of wild turkeys," of which the fowlers "took many, besides venison." And so the feast was kept with real gladness and gratitude to God. If, instead of this resolute spirit of thanksgiving, the Puritans had sat down to gloomily recount their losses, bemoan their privations, and borrow trouble for the future, history would read differently,—the history of New England, of our country, and of many an individual life.

The secret of true blessedness is to make not only the 26th of November, but every day the year round, a Thanksgiving Day,—to live in the spirit of Whittier's Psalm,—

"The west winds blow, and, singing low,
I hear the glad streams run;
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun."

—*Mary P. W. Smith.*

THE STILL HOUR.

Father, replenish with thy grace
This longing heart of mine;
Make it thy quiet dwelling-place,
Thy sacred inmost shrine!
Forgive that oft my spirit wears
Her time and strength in trivial cares;
Enfold her in thy changeless peace,
So she from all but thee may cease!
—*Angelus Silesius*, 1657.

"Before thou prayest," says the wise man, "prepare thyself." Let the mind, as much as may be, be solemnized, calmed, toned down, by taking in the thought of the presence of God and the sublime idea of coming to him.—*Goulburn.*

God will give his holy spirit to them that ask him. Oh, then pray,—pray,—be earnest,—press forward and follow on to know the Lord. Without watchfulness, humiliation, and prayer, the sense of divine things must languish, as much as the grass withers for want of refreshing rains and dews. Heaven is not to be won without labor. Oh, then press forward. Whatever else is neglected, let this one thing needful be attended to: then will God bless thee.—*Wilberforce.*

The truth is, not that God inspires us only in great religious affairs, but that we will not make all things religious: it is not that he waits, withholding his gift, but that we will not take up the gift, and by it turn life's stones into bread, making our common ways to glow like the bush that burned.—*J. Page Hopps.*

Does it seem a hard saying that a man had better not preach if he has not joy? Indeed, the joy of the Lord is the preacher's strength.—*Robert F. Horton.*

To pray as God would have us; to pray with all the heart and strength, with the reason and the will; to believe vividly that God will listen to your voice through Christ, and verily do the thing he pleaseth thereupon,—this is the last, the greatest achievement of the Christian's warfare on earth.—*S. T. Coleridge.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[*Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.*]

BEFORE WRITING TO ASK FOR BOOKS, DO NOT FAIL TO READ THE FOLLOWING DIRECTIONS.

1. If you see a book offered in the Book Club which you desire to read, write directly to the address of the person who offers it. If she receives more than one request, the addresses of those to whom she cannot respond may be sent to the Book Club, and the request printed there.

2. If you have a book or paper to give or lend, write directly to the Book Club as above, and offer it with your address.

3. In sending a book, enclose, when possible, a P.O. card for response, already addressed.

4. In thanking the person who has sent you a book, always mention the name of the book. Say, "I have received 'Black Beauty,'" or whatever the book may be; not, "I have received *that book*." This saves a busy person a good deal of time. Otherwise she must consult her list constantly to find out what book has been received safely.

N.B.—Do not send books to the Book Club. Send only the *offer* to the club. To send the *book* involves packing it *twice* and paying postage *twice*, where once would suffice.

Those who offer books frequently receive notes, saying, "Shall I return you this book, or keep it, or pass it on?" *Unless otherwise stated*, all books offered in this department are *given*, and the postage paid.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking, "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it: else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

Please write only on one side of the paper in sending lists or letters to the secretary.

OFFERS.

Will any mother who would like to have "Gentle Measures in Training the Young," by Jacob Abbott, or any one who would like "Black Beauty," address Miss Langmaid, 71 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.?

The Cambridge Branch offers the following books. Address Miss M. A. Vinal, 20 Lowell Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Fiction.

"John Brent"; "Undine"; "The New Timothy"; "The Countess Gisela"; "The Stillwater Tragedy"; "My Little Lady"; "Old Maid's Paradise," E. S. Phelps; "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains"; "That Lass o' Lowrie's"; "Dear"; "Madelon," Mary Wilkins; "Daniel Deronda"; "The Primrose Path"; "Life in the Wilds," Harriet Martineau; "Maiden and Married

Life of Mary Powell," Manning. "Miss Toosey's Mission"; "Laddie"; "Northanger Abbey," "Persuasion," Jane Austen; "The Story of Hope Conroy"; "Mosses from an Old Manse"; "Margaret," Sylvester Judd; "The Mistress of Brae Farm," R. N. Carey; "My Young Alcides," Miss Yonge; "Journal of a Poor Young Lady."

Poetry.

Dana's "Household Book of Poetry"; "Hymns for the Sick and Suffering"; Tennyson's "Poems"; "Queen Mary," Tennyson; "Book of Praise," Roundell Palmer; "Hymns of the Ages," second series; "Poetry of the Woods"; "Snow-bound," Whittier; "Poems," Christina Rossetti; "Works of Burns"; "Poems," Grace Greenwood; "Farm Ballads," Will Carleton.

"David Elginbrod," (one of George MacDonald's best stories); "A Knight-errant," by Edna Lyall,—several copies of each. Address Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

The Brighton Branch offer the following. Address Miss Carrie L. Murdock, Brighton, Mass., corner Washington and Allston Streets.

"A Little Journey in the World," C. D. Warner; "Chapters from a Life," Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; "Love for an Hour is Love forever," Barr; "A Russian Journey," Edna Dean Proctor; "The Two Baronesses," Hans Christian Andersen; "Witch Hazel"; "Shirley," Charlotte Bronté; "Zenobia," William Ware; "Faith White's Letter Book," 1620; *Youth's Companion*, 1886, 1892, 1901; *Golden Days*, 1890, 1898; *Saturday Evening Post*, 1900; *Ladies' Home Journal*, 1894–95, 1902.

REQUESTS.

[*Read directions at beginning of Book Club before writing.*]

Those who send offers and requests for the Book Club will do us a kindness by noting the following suggestions: 1. Please write very clearly. 2. Do not use a pencil. 3. Do not use contractions, especially names of States (as Cal. and Col. for California, Colorado). 4. Write on one side only of the paper. 5. Do not forget to give your full address. (The State is now and then omitted.) 6. Do not send requests for the Book Club to Miss Clarke, but to Mrs. Nichols, the Book Club secretary.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. As it has been some time since I have had anything to read, I come asking for some magazines and some good religious books,—something by Opie Reid would be gladly received. I got some papers for the children recently, which pleased them very much. Thanks and kind wishes to all the kind friends that have sent reading. Mrs. Ada V. Wann, Forreston, Ellis County, Texas.

2. General reading is asked for by Mrs. Lucy Grogan, Stella, Virginia.

3. Miss Marion Willis, a girl of sixteen, Hay Springs, Nebraska, will be glad of suitable reading.

4. Mrs. G. D. Spillman, Jackson, Louisiana, will be grateful for any reading.

5. Please send to my address one or two good books for a young friend, a boy fifteen years old,—something of sea life or Western life, such as boys love to read. I am thankful for the books and papers I received, but have not got anything except a Bible since I moved here. Mrs. Cora Turbyfill, Holdenville, Indian Territory.

6. Miss Ruth Koger, Stella, Virginia, asks for a scrap-book, and words and music of hymns.

7. Miss S. V. Engell, Seward, New York, wishes her old friends would again remember her with reading.

8. Through the kindness of friends I have been reading *The Cheerful Letter* for a number of years. I live eighteen miles from town and post-office and more than a mile from a neighbor, so I fully appreciate my reading; for books are the "ready comrades that we cannot tire." Mrs. Kate Jackson, Hereford, Texas.

9. Mrs. Mattie Frizzell, Pine Grove, Texas, will be glad to receive "Goody Two Shoes" and "Gentle Thoughts for Gentle Women."

10. Mrs. L. D. Colson, Lilesville, North Carolina, living on a farm, will be glad of any reading.

11. I have been shut in almost all spring and summer, from an attack of malaria early in spring, which terminated in rheumatism. Not been able to go to church but once during the time. My husband is afflicted with indigestion and lung trouble, and has had to stop his occupation as a teacher for several years. We have eight children, of whom two sons and three daughters can read well, and love good reading, so I ask your kindness to forward me some good literature for their comfort. I would subscribe for your paper if I was able, as some of my girls would love to correspond with the little sisters. As reference will give my pastor, Rev. J. Amos Gregerson, Stoneville, North Carolina. Address Mrs. Mildred L. Baughn, Mayodan, North Carolina.

12. *Dear Cheerful Letter Friends,*—Thank you so much for the books and papers I have received. I love *The Cheerful Letter* very much. I would like so much for some one to send me the *Delineator* or the *New Idea* magazine each month after reading. I have three children, ages from one to five years. I want to make a scrap-book for them. Will some dear friend send me some pictures for the book? I have been sick, and have not been well all summer. Reading is my only pastime. Your grateful friend, Mrs. De Witt Clay, Pearch, Bedford County, Virginia.

13. I have been handed a copy of *The Cheerful Letter* by a friend who has derived untold pleasures and comfort from the books, magazines, and other literature sent her through the agency of *The Cheerful Letter.* As I am one of the "shut ins," having been sick since last December, suffering from nervous prostration, I would be so thankful for any good reading matter. My family consists of my husband, one daughter seventeen years old, another eleven, and myself. We are all so fond of reading, but, on account of doctor's and druggist's bills arising from sickness, we are unable to buy much reading matter, and would certainly appreciate *anything* suitable either for the children or myself. I refer you to my pastor, Dr. W. N. Scott, pastor of Second Presbyterian Church, Staunton, Virginia. Mrs. A. S. Woodhouse, 31 Winthrop Street, Staunton, Virginia.

14. As I lived for sixteen months the nearest neighbor to Mrs. L. L. Burton of Sims, Oklahoma, and enjoyed reading the books and papers she received from the Cheerful Letter Exchange, I thought I would write and ask for some papers, books, or magazines,—any good reading matter. My husband and myself both enjoy reading so much, and, as we are not able to buy many books, we would be more than grateful for any good reading matter. We came out here in hopes that this climate would help my husband, who is not at all well; and, as we are among total strangers in a very thinly settled country, we get very lonely sometimes. Mrs. E. V Pool, Hagerman, New Mexico.

15. Miss M. B. Pedigo writes: "I write to ask for books for a very poor family. I was telling the mother about *The Cheerful Letter.* She is very anxious for books for her children, six in all,—three boys and three girls, ages ranging from twelve to two years. Boys are the oldest. Names are Edgar, Robbie, Luther, Lizzie, Agnes, and Susan. The father is in poor health, If you can help, please send books suitable for the children." Mrs. Ann Eaton, The Hollow, Patrick County, Virginia.

16. We have had a lot of sickness this summer, and I have not had time to keep up my correspondence. Here's a friendly greeting for you all. I am so anxious to get Myer's "General History" and Fiske's "History of the United States," and trust some one can send them to me soon. Some one sent me a nice roll of pictures which made the bare walls of mother's room attractive. I shall be glad to get pictures for home and schoolroom also. There is not a picture to grace the walls of my school-room. If any one could send me six or eight old copies of "Miles Standish's Courtship," "Hiawatha," "Robinson Crusoe," and any other pieces of literature, they would be a great deal of help in my work. My pupils have never read anything of the kind.

I advance thanks without limit for any of these. My gratitude knows no bounds for books already received. Miss Mattie E. Sale, Dellaplane, North Carolina.

Will Myrtle Peggram, formerly of Ryan, Indian Territory, please send her new address to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, Roxbury, Mass.?

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

JUNO'S SCHOOL (*continued*).

Juno's Lost Sheep Recovered.

Juno, having sent her message by Pompling to Trip and Sally (who had left the school in the midst of the exercises), now turned her thoughts toward Oliver and Dick, who, it will be remembered, ran off and hid when they saw her coming for them on Sunday morning. She was very desirous of finding some way of communicating with them.

"If I could only get an opportunity of speaking to them," said she to herself, "and talking a few minutes about anything, even if I should not say a word about the Sunday-school, it would do some good, perhaps. It might make them not so much afraid of me."

Juno accordingly determined that every time she had occasion to go to the village that week she would take pains to pass the houses where Oliver and Dick lived, in hopes of seeing one or both of the boys, and of falling into conversation with them. She did this two or three times during the week without seeing either of the boys; but at last, on Saturday, her plan succeeded.

Oliver, who was rather the smaller of the boys, was the first to see Juno coming.

"Dick," said he, speaking in an undertone, "look, here comes Juno. Let us run."

"I ain't going to run," said Dick. "I ain't afraid of her. There ain't no Sunday-school to-day."

By this time Juno had come up near enough to speak.

"Boys," said she, "do you know about fish-hooks?"

"Yes," said Dick, speaking up in a bold and decided tone.

"Then come here and tell me about these."

So saying, Juno began to open her paper carefully. The boys ran out eagerly to see.

"Are those good fish-hooks?" said she, holding open the paper.

"Let me see," said Dick, eagerly. "I can tell." So saying, he took up one of the fish-hooks, and began to examine it attentively.

"Yes," said he, "they're very good."

"And are they of the right size?" asked Juno.

"Yes," replied Dick, "they're the right size for trout."

"I am glad of that," said Juno, folding up the fish-hooks in the paper again. "They are some that I bought for a boy about as big as you, and I did not know whether they were of the right kind, so that he would like them."

So Juno smiled upon the boys by way of thanking them for their opinion, and then began to walk on.

This interview, though very brief, made an extremely favorable impression on the minds of the boys, and altered entirely their feelings toward Juno. In the first place it interested them to see the fish-hooks. Then it pleased them to have their opinions asked in regard to the size and quality of them. The kind and friendly manner, too, in which Juno talked with them and nodded good-bye to them when she went away touched their hearts, and made them think she felt friendly toward them; and, last, though not least, the idea that she was a person who was sometimes the means of procuring fish-hooks for boys presented her in a very favorable light to their minds.

Juno walked on a few steps, the boys remaining all the time in the road where she had left them, and looking after her as if sorry that so pleasant an incident was so soon over, when Juno turned and addressed them again, walking along backward, however, as she did so.

"Boys," said she, "I have got a Sunday-school, and to-morrow I am going to show my scholars something curious. If you'll come, I'll show it to you, too. I think you'd like to see it."

"What is it?" asked Dick.

"I can't stop to tell you about it now," said Juno, "but come and see. My school is at Pompling's house. You won't have to come into the school; for I'll show you the curious thing at the door before the school begins, and then you can go away if you like."

So saying, Juno turned round and walked on.

"Would you go?" said Dick to Oliver, after a moment's pause.

"No," said Oliver. "She'll make us go into her school."

"She said we needn't go in at all," said Dick. "We can see the curious thing at the door. Let's go."

"No," said Oliver. "You may depend that, if she gets us to the door, she'll make us go in." *Jacob Abbott.*

(*To be continued.*)

BIOGRAPHY.

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

Continued from October Number.

And yet here is another instance of how "all things work together for good to those that love God." The friendless condition of the neglected child caused him to cling more closely to the one Friend who never fails. To him the promise was fulfilled, "When my father and my mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up." In boyhood were laid the foundations of that sincere and fervent religious faith which supported and strengthened Lord Shaftesbury through seasons of almost unendurable labor and fatigue, and produced results which the world may well regard as almost miraculous. In reading of them, we remember the words of Jesus to his disciple, "Greater works than *these* shall ye do." For surely to lift to spiritual life thousands who are abandoned as hopeless by the world is more than to restore sight to the physically blind, and power to the lame and sick.

"Those early years of sorrow were the years in which he was graduating for his great life-work. He had suffered oppression; henceforth his life would be devoted to fighting the battles of the oppressed. He had known loneliness and cold and hunger; henceforth he would plead the cause of the poor, the lonely, the suffering, and the hungry. He had known the loss of a happy childhood; henceforth he would labor, as long as life should last, to bring joy and gladness to the hearts and homes of little children.

"At the age of twelve there came a change, a welcome change, in the life of young Ashley."

He was removed from the Manor House School, and sent to Harrow.

"No freed slave ever rejoiced in his emancipation . . . more heartily than did young Ashley rejoice in his transfer to Harrow. It was the beginning of a new life to him. Whatever might happen now in vacation-time, he would at least be able to look forward with pleasure to his return to school."

His father had succeeded in 1811 to the family title and estates; but it was not until a few years later that young Ashley paid his first visit to St. Giles's House in Dorset, the home of the Ashley family,—a beautiful and ancient building, near the village of Wimborne, where from the time of Henry VI. the family had been planted, their ancestors, the Plecys, having been lords of the manor from before the reign of Edward I.

He passed the summer holidays here; and, being an ardent lover of the country, enjoyed the rural surroundings, the scenes of forests and fields, where he rambled freely. He was also a lover of natural history; and his biographer says, "His rambles brought him every day in contact with these unwritten books of God which he read with infinite delight."

"He explored every nook and corner of Cranborne Chase, an immense sylvan region, at one time containing an area of eighteen square miles. As late as 1828 it contained 12,000 deer, and as many as six lodges, each of which had its 'walk,' and was under the management of a ranger.

"It was in Cranborne Chase that after the battle of Sedgemoor the Duke of Monmouth, disguised in rustic attire, was taken prisoner under the ash-tree, which is still pointed out. The tree stands on the Shaftesbury estate.

"But dearer than all was the 'great house' which was now his home, with its treasures of art and literature, and its sumptuous and pleasant apartments. And dear, too, was the little village just outside the gates, where dwelt the simple country folk, in whose society, even as a boy, he found gratification."

Lord Shaftesbury had never the least hesitation in tracing the time when his spiritual history had a beginning. He unhesitatingly affirmed that it was when he was seven years of age, under the influence of his nurse, Maria Millis.

"In like manner he used to say that he could remember the day and the hour in which he made his first start in his philanthropic career. It was while he was at Harrow, and when he was between fourteen and fifteen years of age. He was one day walking alone down Harrow Hill when

he was startled by hearing a great shouting and yelling in a side street, and to his horror he saw that four or five drunken men were carrying a roughly made coffin, containing the mortal remains of one of their fellows for burial. Staggering as they turned the corner, they let their burden fall, and then they broke out into foul and horrible language. . . . Young Ashley was horrified, and stood gazing on the scene spell-bound. Then he exclaimed: 'Good heavens! Can this be permitted simply because the man was poor and friendless!'"

Before the sound of the drunken songs had died away in the distance he had faced the future of his life, and had determined that, with the help of God, he would from that time forth devote his life to pleading the cause of the poor and friendless.

After leaving Harrow, at about sixteen years of age, he was sent to live with a clergyman in Derbyshire. He says himself: "I was sent there, in fact, to be got out of the way; for the clergyman never professed to be able to teach me anything, nor, indeed, did my father require of him any such service. I remained there about two years, and perhaps no two years were ever so misspent. I hardly ever opened a book, and seldom heard anything that was worth hearing."

His father's intention was to place him in the army. By the advice of a friend, this plan, fortunately, came to nothing; and he was sent to Christ Church College at Oxford, where in 1822 he took a first class in classics.

At twenty-five years old, having finished his college course, he took what was at that time considered the proper step for a young man who was the eldest son of a peer,—he entered Parliament.

He formed here a friendship with the Duke of Wellington, for whom, as a boy at Harrow, he had cherished an enthusiastic admiration.

From the entries in his journals at this time we find that he suffered from delicate health, and that he was inclined to depression and to morbid self-depreciation. He had one summer a pleasant vacation, at the house of his married sister, Lady Charlotte Lyster, in Wales. He amused himself here with the study of the Welsh and Hebrew languages, which are said to be allied. This compliment to their language was remembered by the Welsh, when Lord Shaftesbury became later the president of the Bible Society.

In 1828 he was appointed a commissioner of the India Board of Control, which office he held until a change in the government two years later.

From the time of his appointment may be dated his interest in the teeming myriads of our India fellow-subjects, and in general missionary work. "Do right, whatever may come of it," was the principle which governed all his life, and governed him, therefore, in relation to Indian politics. He insisted at all times, and in the most unmistakable manner, that it was the best policy of the English nation to declare emphatically that its conduct was based on Christian principles, that everything to be done should be done in a Christian character to a Christian end, and that nothing would be gained by a time-serving forbearance to this principle.

At this time he made efforts for the improvement of horticulture and husbandry throughout the Provinces of India.

It was about this time that there revived in him the desire to devote his life to science. He had been fond of chemistry and of botany in his boyhood. In 1829 he became acquainted with the eminent astronomer, Sir James South, and himself became intensely interested in the study of astronomy. For a time he was completely absorbed in this pursuit, spending his days with his books and instruments, and his nights in the observatory with Sir James. It seemed as if the object of his life had been found.

"But at that time he was just getting a hold of the lunacy question; a little later the factory question was taking form; and by degrees he found that there were duties pressing upon him, which his conscience would not allow him to shake off,—duties that could only be carried on effectually by complete devotion to them. So it was that his visits to the observatory became only occasional, then still less frequent, until at last they ceased altogether.

"Referring in his old age to this period, he said: In early life I was passionately devoted to science, so much so that I was almost disposed to pursue science to the

exclusion of everything else. It passed away, and I betook myself to literature, hoping that I should not only equal, but that I should rival many in mental accomplishments. Other things were before me, and other things passed away, because, do what I would, I was called to another career, and now I find myself, at the end of a long life, not a philosopher, not an author, but simply an old man who has endeavored to do his duty in that state of life in which it has pleased God to call him."

The first of the "other things" before him was an inquiry into the treatment of lunatics.

NATURAL HISTORY.

ANIMAL SURGERY.

Most people have seen a sick cat eat grass, or an uneasy dog seek out some weed and devour it greedily to make his complaining stomach feel better. Some few may have read John Wesley's directions on the art of keeping well,—which have not, however, found their way into his book of discipline for the soul,—and have noticed with surprised interest his claim that many medicines in use among the common people and the physicians of his time were discovered by watching the animals that sought out these things to heal their diseases. "If they heal animals, they will also heal men," is his invincible argument. Others may have dipped deep into Indian history and folk-lore, and learned that many of the herbs used by the American tribes, and especially the cures for rheumatism, dysentery, fever, and snake-bites, were learned direct from the animals, by noting the rheumatic old bear grub for fern roots or bathe in the hot mud of a sulphur spring, and by watching with eager eyes what plants the wild creatures ate when bitten by rattlers or wasted by the fever. Still others have been fascinated with the first crude medical knowledge of the Greeks, which came to them from the East undoubtedly, and have read that the guarded mysteries of the Asclepiads, the healing cult that followed Æsculapius, had among them many simple remedies that had first proved their efficacy among animals in a natural state; and that Hippocrates, the greatest physician of antiquity, whose fame under the name of Bokrat the Wise went down through Arabia and into the farthest deserts, owes many of his medical aphorisms to what he himself, or his forbears, must have seen out of doors among the wild creatures. And all these seers and readers have perhaps wondered how much the animals knew, and especially how they came to know it.

To illustrate the matter simply and in our own day and generation: A deer that has been chased all day long by dogs, and that has escaped at last by swimming an icy river and fallen exhausted on the farther shore, will lie down to sleep in the snow. That would mean swift death for any human being. Half the night the deer will move about at short intervals, instead of sleeping heavily, and in the morning he is as good as ever and ready for another run. The same deer shut up in a warm barn to sleep over night, as has been more than once tested with park animals, will be found dead in the morning.

Here is a natural law of healing suggested which, if noted among the Greeks or Indians, would have been adopted instantly as a method of dealing with extreme cold and exhaustion, or with poisoning resulting in paralysis of the muscles. Certainly the method, if somewhat crude, might still have wrought enough cures to be looked upon with veneration by a people who, unfortunately, had no knowledge of chemical drugs or Scotch whiskey or sugar pellets with an ethereal suggestion of intangible triturations somewhere in the midst of them.

That the animals do practise at times a rude kind of medicine and surgery upon themselves is undeniable. The only question about it is, How do they know? To say it is a matter of instinct is but begging the question. It is also three-fourths foolishness, for many of the things that animals do are beyond the farthest scope of instinct. The case of the deer that moved about and so saved his life, instead of sleeping on heavily to his death, may be partly a case of instinct. Personally it seems to me more a matter of experience; for a fawn under the same circumstances, unless his mother were near to keep him moving, would undoubtedly lie down and die. More than that, it seems to be largely a matter of obedience to the strongest impulse of the moment, to which all ani-

mals are accustomed or trained from their birthday. And that is not quite the same thing as instinct, unless one is disposed to go to the extreme of Berkeley's philosophy and make instinct a kind of spirit-personality that watches over animals all the time. Often the knowledge of healing or of primitive surgery seems to be the discovery or possession of a few rare individual animals instead of being spread wide-cast among the species, as instincts are. This knowledge, or what-you-may-call-it, is sometimes shared, and so hints at a kind of communication among animals, of whose method we catch only fleeting glimpses and suggestions; but that will be the subject of another article. The object of this is not to answer the questions of how or whence, but simply to suggest one or two things that I have seen in the woods as the basis for further and more detailed observations.

The most elemental kind of surgery is that which amputates a leg when it is broken,—not always or often, but only when the wound festers from decay or fly-bite and so endangers the whole body. Probably the best illustration of this is found in the coon, who has a score of traits that place him very high among intelligent animals. When a coon's foot is shattered by a bullet, he will cut it off promptly and wash the stump in running water, partly to reduce the inflammation and partly, no doubt, to make it perfectly clean. As it heals, he uses his tongue on the wound freely, as a dog does, to cleanse it perhaps, and by the soft massage of his tongue to reduce the swelling and allay the pain.

So far this may or may not be pure instinct, for I do not know. And who will tell me whether a child puts his wounded hand to his mouth and sucks it by pure instinct, or because he has seen others do it, or has had his hurts kissed away in childhood, and so imitates the action unconsciously when his mother is not near? Most mother animals tongue their little ones freely. Now is that a caress or is it some hygienic measure begun at birth, when she devours all traces of the birth-envelopes and licks the little ones clean, lest the nose of some hungry prowler bring him near to destroy the family? Certainly the young are conscious of the soft tongue that rubs them fondly, and so when they lick their own wounds it may be only a memory and an imitation,—two factors, by the way, which lie at the bottom of all elemental education.

That explanation, of course, leaves the amputated leg out of the question; and the surgery does not stop here.

When a boy, and still barbarian enough to delight in trapping, partly from a love of the chase that was born in me and partly to put money into a boy's empty pocket, I once caught a muskrat in a steel trap that slid off into deep water at the first pull and so drowned the creature mercifully. This was due to the careful instructions of Natty Dingle, at whose feet I sat to learn woodcraft, and who used the method to save all his pelts. For often an animal, when caught in a trap, will snap the bone by a twist of his body and then cut the leg off with his teeth, and so escape, leaving his foot in the trap's jaws. This is common enough among fur-bearing animals to excite no comment; and it is sad now to remember that sometimes I would find animals drowned in my traps that had previously suffered at the hands of other trappers.

I remember especially one big musquash that I was going to shoot near one of my traps, when I stopped short at noticing some queer thing about him. The trap was set in shallow water where a path made by muskrats came up out of the river into the grass. Just over the trap was a turnip on a pointed stick to draw the creature's attention and give him something to anticipate until he should put his foot on the deadly pan beneath. But the old musquash avoided the path, as if he had suffered in such places before. Instead, he came out at another spot behind the trap, and I saw with horrible regret that he had cut off both his fore legs, probably at different times, when he had been twice caught in man's abominable inventions. When he came up out of the stream, he rose on his hind legs and waddled through the grass like a bear or a monkey, for he had no forefeet to rest upon. He climbed a tussock beside the bait with immense caution, pulled in the turnip with his two poor stumps of forearms, ate it where he was, and slipped back into the stream again, while the boy watched with a new wonder in the twilight, and forgot all about the gun he had brought with him to shoot muskrats as he tended his traps.

It does not belong with my story, but that night the traps came in, and never went out again; and I can never pass a trap now anywhere without poking a stick into it to save some poor innocent leg.

All this is digression, and I have almost forgotten my surgery and the particular muskrat I was talking about. He, too, had been caught in some other fellow's trap, and had bitten his leg off only a few days before. The wound was not yet healed, and the amazing thing about it was that he had covered it with some kind of sticky vegetable gum, probably from some pine-tree that had been split or barked close to the ground where musquash could reach it easily. He had smeared it thickly all over the wound and well up the leg above it, so that all dirt and even all air and water were excluded perfectly.

An old Indian who lives and hunts on Vancouver Island told me recently that he has several times caught beaver that had previously cut their legs off to escape from traps, and that two of them had covered the wounds thickly with gum, as the muskrat had done. Last spring the same Indian caught a bear in a deadfall. On the animal's side was a long rip from some other bear's claw, and the wound had been smeared thickly with soft spruce resin. This last experience corresponds closely with one of my own. I shot a big bear years ago in northern New Brunswick that had received a gunshot wound, which had raked him badly and then penetrated the leg. He had plugged the wound carefully with clay, evidently to stop the bleeding, and then had covered the broken skin with sticky mud from the river's brink, to keep the flies away from the wound and give it a chance to heal undisturbed. It is noteworthy here that the bear uses either gum or clay indifferently, while the beaver and muskrat seem to know enough to avoid the clay, which would be quickly washed off in the water.—*William J. Long, in Outlook.*

(*To be continued.*)

LETTERS OF A SISTER.

BOSTON IN THE THIRTIES.

To her Brother, A. F. C., in St. Louis.

BOSTON, Dec. 4, 1831.

My beloved Wanderer of the West,—I received your welcome letter the night before Thanksgiving, and that, with one which we had from S. the same day, made our Thanksgiving Day truly a day for thankfulness.

You have gained immortal honor by your forbearance from shooting, etc. Mother is perfectly delighted, and grandmamma; but I have not seen her since I sent the letter to Newton. We could not go there to dine as usual because mother was just recovering from her annual sickness,—in the shape of a fever. The town never was so sickly as it is now: three-fourths of the people are sick with an influenza which prevails. Some of the physicians are obliged to begin visiting their patients before day, because they have so many. To-day is a most violent snowstorm: we begin winter early this year.

If I have an opportunity, I shall certainly send you some books, but it is not very often that such a one occurs. I am rather surprised that the things I sent reached you, for it seems so very, very far from us. I should think you would feel it as an immense distance, having actually travelled over it. I can hardly realize that "little A." is at such a distance from us,—has gone so far and has become such a hero. The events of the last two years seem to me unreal: they are so unlike what we had ever expected to take place. The situations that we are now in scarcely one of us could have anticipated. I do not know but you may have always cherished the intention of quitting your native land and following the march of improvement to the West: westward it has aways been travelling, and westward it will always continue to travel till it reaches the East again where it began. Has that thought ever struck you? China, you know, the most easterly nation with which we are acquainted, is the oldest and, according to tradition, has been the longest civilized; that is, according to their own traditions. I believe according to ours it is Egypt. However that may be, it has gone westward round the world again almost. How I have digressed! Now I will return to the march of my own brothers round the world. You, perhaps, might have foreseen your future destination and James his, but Sam and William could not theirs, neither could I or mother. Do you know it is a year since father died? It scarcely seems possible. His kind smile is still before me as he stepped into the chaise to go to Newton; and the heavenly peace which

sat upon his features after his death,—I never shall forget that look, so tranquil, so noble, so elevated above all earthly troubles. It will comfort me all my life to think of it. You did not have that satisfaction, and I have always regretted that all his children could not have looked upon him then. It seemed to me that there was seen the influence of his just life and the high-minded integrity of all his actions throughout that life. It was an assurance that he had reaped the reward of it in the character that he had formed for eternity, and it would be perfectly impossible for me to doubt his happiness after having seen that look.

Good-bye, my dear brother.

It is nearly a fortnight since I wrote this letter, and it is a fact that I have not had time to seal and send it yet. Mother has been sick again, and every one else in town but myself. All the servants in town are sick, and it is a fact that many people have suffered from want of attention. Grandpapa, etc., are well.

To A. F. C.

BOSTON, Feb. 6, 1832.

My dear Brother,—I have been waiting till I had some news to tell you, and have now decided to write *without* anything to tell. We have had nothing but trouble this winter in the shape of sickness and bad servants; and, just as we had got established with a good cook, chambermaid, and man, and all quiet, behold, the cook, man, and mother all taken sick at the same time! As mother used to say, "I am *almost* discouraged.' But then again we cannot be quite discouraged when we hear that Sam is getting well, that William is getting a character for business and is much liked by his employers, and that our Abraham is a comfort, honor, and blessing to his friends. James, too, is studying most assiduously; gave up two parties last week for theological exercises, and only occasionally visits the girls. No wonder he is a favorite; for where will you find another so full of intelligence and truth, of animation and earnestness, of life and love? Nowhere, I am sure. I never knew the person in whose conversation I could find the same charm that I do in James's. I think grandpapa's would be even more delightful to me but for a certain reverence and awe which I always feel in conversing with him, and which restrains my pleasure and prevents me from enjoying all I otherwise should. The feeling of which I speak is slight, and I rather wonder that it should exist at all, since there is so little of assumption or self-consideration in his character: he is unintentionally imposing, and inspires reverence as a patriarch would. I wish I could tell you that he was better. He is not, however, any worse, and I think has not suffered so much pain as usual this winter. Grandmamma does not appear so well as she used to: she does not look so well, though she still keeps up the habits of a juvenile person,—sits up sewing all day in a straight chair, etc.

Your friend L. is *in statu quo*, promenades Newton laughing at all the worthy inhabitants thereof in company with the Miss L.'s, no longer the merry scoffers that they once were. Probably it has reached even your remote ears that they are all converted. A. has become a Baptist student,—was immersed in the pond; H.'s turn came next. She was the victim of a "four days' meeting," if you know what that is,—when four Sundays come together. She, who had hardened her heart against the pathos of a Bates and the eloquence of a Homer, yielded to the soul-saving entreaties of a Beecher and a Finney. M., upon that, not to be outdone, and fearing lest she, too, might become entrapped in some orthodox net, joined Dr. Channing's church. So much for them.

We wish that you would not pay for your letters before you send them; for we compute that half of them at least are lost, and think it useless to pay for letters which may be lost. Those which we receive you know we are always glad to pay for, and we suppose the same to be the case with you.

Mother desires me to say that she trusts you will give her letter to Messrs. H. and M. She left it to your discretion; but expects you will use your discretion discreetly, and not withhold it unless you have some powerful reason for so doing.

Do you know, A., that the cholera is thought to be approaching with rapid strides to our shores? They are already beginning to take measures for quarantines, etc. I am afraid, if it is contagious, that the infection will be carried to New Orleans and up the Mississippi; if so, where will be our refuge?

They say that this healthy and populous country will be a fine subject for it, just as a hearty, full-blooded man is for a fever. The apothecaries are beginning to prepare for it by laying in a plentiful supply of hot-drops, pepper-pills, etc. I intend, if I am attacked, to apply to Dr. Locke at once: he alone rejoices in the prospect of the enemy's approach. He is strong in the faith that lobelia will be mighty to vanquish the cholera, and the steam bath is his stronghold and defence.

You ask who is the original of the "Blue Stocking" in the *Token*. It is Mrs. W. M. I am glad you admire Mr. Greenwood's "Falls" so much: it is indeed a most perfect picture of the scene, certainly a most vivid and delightful one. Several of the articles in the *Token* are written by Dr. Gray.

I wish I could show you a beautiful annual that I had for a New Year's present from my friend Mr. Rand: it is the *Picturesque Annual*, and is perhaps the most beautiful of all. I should like, too, to show you an engraving that hangs over my writing-table, called the "Death of Robin Hood." It represents a very handsome young man reclining on a couch and apparently dying (from his dull eye and languid attitude). He is partly supported by another man who stands behind him, and watches with interest the direction of an arrow which Robin Hood is endeavoring to shoot through the window, but which he can scarcely direct, so much is he overcome by the approach of death. Under the print are these words:—

"But give me my bent bow in my hand,
And a broad arrow I'll let flee;
And, when the arrow is taken up,
There shall my grave digged be."

The picture, I think, would delight you, because it represents your favorite passion, and beautifully, too.

I have sat up all alone till I will not say how late, to finish this letter to you, at the risk of seeing ghosts and hobgoblins.

To A. F. C.

BOSTON, March 2, 1832.

My dear Brother,—I send you a paper containing an obituary on our cousin L., of whose death you must have heard, or rather have seen it in the papers. She died the 12th of February at half-past six in the evening, of a brain fever, after having been ill of a common sore throat about ten days and three of an inflammation of the brain. She leaves, you know, a little boy of eight or nine months old.

Why do you not write to us, my dear Abraham? Mother dreamed last night that she saw you and talked with you, and therefore is sure that she shall receive a letter from you to-day. She always imagines some evil when you do not write once in three or four weeks.

We hear woful accounts of the freshet on the Ohio River, and suppose it must have reached you. We expect from you a full and true and particular account of the affair, though, as St. Louis is situated on high ground, you have not been so intimately acquainted with the waters as your friends at Cincinnati.

Our cousin L.'s death seems melancholy enough, considering her youth and amiable qualities; but yet I cannot feel that it is bad for her to die. I think I can see in every death what I might call a particular providence; that is, those who die have advanced as far as they can in this world,—either they are from situation and circumstance debarred from further improvement until their circumstances shall be changed by death and further opportunity be given them by being placed in a new state, or they have got into so wrong a course that everything further must be for the worse, and they, too, need a change of circumstance sufficiently great and impressive to open their minds to truth and excite them to make a new effort. Death to me seems but a circumstance, but a change; and I feel a confidence that it is always the best thing that can happen to us when it does come. Though this is more clearly demonstrated to us at some times than at others, I think we can always see it more or less.

Did you have a celebration on the 22nd? The hundredth anniversary of Washington's birth? Of course you did though, for no part of these United States could have been insensible to such an epoch. Our celebration was as grand as we could make it, with a procession of all the dignitary, military, and mechanics of the city. But the best thing that I know of was done by our cousin T. C. He went to the Boys' Asylum, formed the forty boys into a procession, carried them to a place where they could see the

parade, then carried them to Faneuil Hall and showed them the picture of Washington, then to the State House and showed them his statue, then to his house and gave them a feast, then took them to see the elephant, and lastly conducted them home, no doubt the happiest forty of all the citizens. Is not he a good-hearted youth? He inquires most constantly and assiduously after you and your prospects and prosperity, as do all our cousins.

Mother's best love to her whitest swan.

Your loving sister.

(*To be continued*).

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN

I.

Charade.

My First.

I pry out a secret,
Devour a book;
I guide the hunter
And aid the cook;
I'm drilled in the needle
And "cute" at a hook,—
In short, I'm a wonderful creation,
Worthy your study and admiration,
Albeit I'm naught but a perforation.

My Second.

Faster and faster
The cruel master
Waves me in air;
Agonized crying
Follows me, dying
In sobs and in prayer.
Crying he heeds not,
His hard heart bleeds not
For such despair.

My Whole.

Lifting so lightly,
Drooping so slightly
On tender hinge,
Dust and sweeping
When I'm not sleeping,
Deepening blue tinge
Heightening the sparkling,
Softening the darkling,
Yet I'm but fringe.

(*St. Nicholas.*)

II.

Mathematical Puzzle.

I am a word of four letters, the sum of which is 1551.

1. My 1 + my 4 = 30 x my 3.
2. My 2 x my 4 = ½ of my 1.
3. My 3 x my 2 = 100 x my 4.

(*St. Nicholas.*)

III.

Shaksperian Acrostic.

The initials and finals form two of Shakspere's best tragedies.

1. A friend of Romeo's and kinsman to Escalus.
2. A noted comedy.
3. The pope's legate in "King John."
4. The principal female character in "Much Ado about Nothing."
5. The rank of Berkley in "Richard II."
6. The last friend of Shylock.
7. A friend of Hamlet.

(*St. Nicholas.*)

IV.

Metagram.

Whole, I am to strike a blow;
Beheaded once, a coach I go;
Change my new head, and I pass
For an ensign or an ass;
Alter head, and I'm a weed,
And again, a load indeed;
Once more change, and I'm a frame;
Still again, I'm a surname;
Head anew, and I'm to hold,
Yet again, and I'm to mold;
Make of me bag or wine
Or a garment neat and fine;
Head anew, and I'm behind;
Still again, a nickname find;
Off my head, and give me two,
I'll look wise and wear a queue:
Give others two instead of these,
And I'm as dexterous as you please

Answers to Puzzles in October Number.

I. *Transpositions of Names:*—

1. Pensacola, clean soap.
2. Taxes, Texas.
3. Carolina an oil car.
4. Colorado, cool road.
5. Load fir, Florida.
6. Baltimore, broil meat

II. *Riddle.*—River.

III. A switch.

IV. *Historical Scenes:*—

1. Socrates drinking the hemlock, B.C. 399.

2. Henry III. gazing on the Duke of Guise lying dead in the Castle of Blois.

3. Alexander of Macedon cut the Gordian knot. The prophecy was that only he who should unmake the knot could be master of Asia.

4. William Tell, after shooting with an arrow an apple placed on his son's head.

5. Rollo, Duke of Normandy, and Charles III. of France, A.D. 911.

6. Pocahontas saving the life of Capt. John Smith.

THE EDITOR'S CORNER.

The Editor wishes to explain something concerning the "Letters of a Sister," beginning in this number of *The Cheerful Letter*. There was no intention of making them anonymous, but a frequent repetition of family names is awkward. This, therefore, seems the best way to give the information for which some readers may ask, and which makes the letters more interesting.

The writer is Sarah Freeman Clarke, twenty-three years old in 1831. The brothers mentioned are Samuel (twenty-five), James Freeman (twenty-one), William (nineteen), and Abraham (seventeen). At the two ends of the family are a youthful mother (forty-one at this time) and the youngest brother, Thomas (four years old), separated from the elder brothers by so many years that he seems to belong to another generation. "Grandfather" is Dr. James Freeman, the minister of King's Chapel.

The writer was a personal friend of Emerson, Dr. Channing, Allston, the Hawthornes, Elizabeth Peabody, Margaret Fuller, and others; and the period was the time of Emerson's influence over the young people of Boston.

The first intention was to select only passages referring to Emerson and other distinguished men and women (adding some letters from Emerson, never printed before). But this seemed to take away a great deal of life and color from the letters. We have therefore included others, which give a picture of the family life of the writer, and her personal feelings.

If some of these letters are not interesting to all our readers, we hope they will pass over them with indulgence, as *all* are interesting to *some* readers.

The title "Letters of a Sister" was perhaps suggested by the well-known "Story of a Sister" ("Récit d'une Sœur"), and excuses the affectionate enthusiasm which must be felt by the sister of five brothers.

Most of the letters are addressed to her brother, James Freeman Clarke, this series beginning in 1833. L. F. C.

THE NEW PARISHIONERS.

The following little anecdote from the pages of the *Universalist Leader* will, perhaps, not be without its usefulness on this side of the Atlantic:—

The first Sunday after they moved into town, they came into church, and were surprised when others expressed surprise. They said: "You see, we have to eat here the same as in our old home, and so the very first day we had dinner just as usual: there is nothing surprising about that, is there? Well, we get spiritually hungry here just the same as at home, and so we came to church, and expect to come every Sunday." Then some one asked if they did not find the service different, and they replied:—

"Oh, very different indeed, and we are wholly unused to it; but that does not make any difference with us. Whatever one's likes and dislikes may be, this is the Universalist church, and we are Universalists; and there is no other place for us to go, even if we wanted to."

"But you must have had a much abler minister in your large church," urged one of the self-depreciators.

"Perhaps so, in some ways," was the reply, "but not in others. The pastor here is a Universalist, and so are we."

"But don't you feel strange coming among all these strange people?" queried some one.

"Why?" said the new-comers, "you are not strange. Aren't you all Universalists? Well, we are Universalists, too."

"Still, "continued another, "we have the reputation of being very unsocial. I hope you won't feel lonesome."

"We have not discovered that you are unsocial," said the new parishioners. "We probably should never have thought of it if you had not told us. We came and introduced ourselves because we had no one to intro-

duce us. We told you we were Universalists. We did not ask you to welcome us. We expected that, and you have done so, and we are delighted; and we want to rent a pew and have the children enter the Sunday-school. And, as we are to make our home here, we have brought our membership letters from our old church, and want to be received into your fellowship at the next communion"—

It is not just known what else would have been added; for just then the minister, who had overheard the conversation, fainted.

Love, like the opening of the heavens to the saints, shows for a moment, even to the dullest man, the possibilities of the human race. Has he faith, hope, and love for another being, perhaps but a creature of his imagination. Still, it is a great advance for a man to be profoundly loving, even in his imaginations.—*Helps.*

A man does not receive the statements that "two and two makes four" and that "the pure in heart shall see God" on the same terms. The one can be proved to him with four grains of corn. He can never arrive at a belief in the other till he realize it in the intimate persuasion of his whole being.—*Lowell's Essay on Dante.*

The only conclusive evidence of a man's sincerity is that he gives himself for a principle. Words, money, all things else, are comparatively easy to give away; but, when a man makes a gift of his daily life and practice, it is plain that the truth, whatever it may be, has taken possession of him.—*James Russell Lowell.*

A God above it all, my heart, my heart,—
Above the seething passion and the pain,
A great calm presence. Plunge thy fever vain
In perfect peace again and yet again.
Take courage, and look up, my heart, my heart!

—*Hannah Parker Kimball.*

To store our memories with a sense of injuries is to fill that chest with rusty iron which was made for refined gold.—*Seeker.*

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

It would assist us very much if those who give books would send word regularly to our Book Club secretary what books they have given and to whom.

Sometimes an appeal is made in our Book Club, which receives a large response, fifteen or twenty people sending books to the writer. Yet she stands on our record as having received nothing, and others who propose to send to her are encouraged to do so.

The next person on our list may really have received nothing as yet. The only way to equalize the distribution of books is to keep an approximate record of all that are sent. May we hope to secure for this end the co-operation of the Branches?

Checks should be made payable to Mary Louise Catlin.

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of our paper by addressing letters, asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who infringes this rule will be dropped from our list; and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by our Executive Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to our secretary, Miss Langmaid.

DIRECTIONS.

EDITOR,— Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

SECRETARY OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,— Miss Bertha Langmaid, 71 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

SECRETARY OF BOOK CLUB OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,— Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.

TREASURER OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,— Mrs. Charles T. Catlin, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Subscriptions and renewals should be sent to the treasurer, also all changes of address and requests for discontinuance. The subscription is fifty cents a year. If subscribers do not receive the paper regularly, they are requested to notify Mrs. Catlin at once.

Those not able to subscribe for the paper, but desiring to receive it, may do so by writing to Mrs. Catlin, as above. Please give full name and address. Also send name of minister as reference. Some of our members take the paper in order to send it to those who are not able to subscribe for it.